



SYNOPSIS.

Automobile of Miss Dorothy Upton and friend, Mrs. Kane, breaks down at New Mexico border. Patrol camp, commanded by Lieutenant Kynaston. The two women are on way to mine of Miss Upton's father, located a few miles across the Mexican border. Kynaston leaves women at his camp while he goes with a detail to investigate report of Villa gun runners. Villa troops drive small force of Carranza across border and they surrender to Kynaston. Dorothy and Mrs. Kane still at camp when Kynaston returns with prisoners. Blind Mexican priest appears in camp and claims interned Mexicans have in the spoils brought across the line a wonderful emerald belt stolen from a shrine by Zapata and taken from him by Carranza troops. Priest is searching for the emerald in order to return it to the shrine. Kynaston finds jewel and reports to department headquarters. Major Upton appears from headquarters to take charge of valuables captured.

Would you risk your job, and perhaps your whole future in life, to rescue two American ladies from a house besieged by Mexican bandits? Or would you stick to your job and watch a gang of liquor-fired halfbreeds blind and carry the women away to a fate worse than death?

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"I believe I'll send a detail over there to see what is going on, sir. Sergeant, go and tell the old priest that the major and I are leaving camp and shall not return till morning. Report to me at my tent when you have told him. Now, major, if you care to go along I can give you a change of clothing and a fairly good horse to ride."

The major nodded assent. "Of course I'll go. That's what I came down here for—to see for myself—and tell the general just how things are going. Here come the horses now."

Ten minutes later they trotted leisurely out of the camp, headed south-east. A horned moon was swinging clear of the cloud-capped Buffalo mountains. Southward they could see in the moonlight the dim mountains in old Mexico, standing like silent sentinels, looking with grim disapproval on the scenes of riot and disorder, of murder and of pillage that were making the unhappy land a veritable wilderness. As they reached the level ground, the old sergeant rode back to his young superior, his hand raised to the brim of his scouting hat.

"What is it, sergeant?" asked Kynaston. "There's a little fire over yonder, sir."

The gauntleted hand stabbed the dark, its finger in the direction of the fire, and Kynaston's gaze followed. A blade-shaped flame stood out in the blackness of the night.

"What's over there? Any houses? Any Americans live over there?" Major Upton's query was as quick as a shot.

Kynaston paused a moment. "No, sir. That fire's on the Mexican side of the line. What can it be, sergeant?"

The sergeant puzzled a moment or two. Then:

"Sir, I know. It's the Santa Cruz mine, where the Uptons live. As sure as I live, sir, the rebels are attacking the mine! Don't you remember, sir, Mr. Upton came through with the two ladies today? Sure as anything, them rebels have attacked the place; heaven help the Uptons!" he ejaculated. "Any orders, sir?"

Kynaston turned to Upton. "I know, sir, what the orders are. I know the orders are very strict that no American shall cross the line unless he has a residence there. I wish you were deaf, dumb and blind for a few hours."

In the darkness Major Upton grinned behind his hand. "Why?" he asked. "If you were," said Kynaston slowly, "I'd go back to my camp and—There are two American women over there," he concluded lamely.

"I am deaf and blind," said Major Upton impressively. "I can neither see nor hear at night. I am quite sure that—"

"Two left about! Gallop!" The orders shot out like the shots from a machine gun; almost before he knew it the major found himself galloping back to the little camp.

"Have twenty men saddle up at once, sergeant!" cried Kynaston. "Take nothing but canteens, rifles, and a hundred rounds of ammunition per man. Get the men ready at once."

The sergeant hesitated and finally ventured on a liberty that was rare indeed for him.

"Sir, is the lieutenant going to cross the line?" he asked. "Do you remember, sir, what the orders are? It'll cost the lieutenant his commission."

"If it'll cost my commission to help a couple of American ladies who are in trouble—then I'll have to pay the price, sergeant. Hurry up! Tell that old priest to come over to my tent at once."

Joyfully the grizzled soldier departed. Soon his men were scurrying about among the tents. While stuffing his belt full of cartridges Kynaston was interrupted by an eager orderly.

"Sir, the major presents his compliments and says that the lieutenant had better turn over to him any valuables that he has in camp, if he is going to leave for any length of time."

Kynaston gasped. In the thought of seeing Mrs. Kane again he had forgotten the saddlebags and the jewel. He dashed across the tent, seized the saddlebags, and hurried to the tent that had been pitched for the major.

"Here it is, sir. I'm glad you thought of it. I'd have gone and left it on the floor of my tent if it had not been for you. Here it is—"

He unbuckled the bags and turned out upon the little camp table the unsavory mass of dirty oiled rags that he had so curiously unwrapped a few hours before.

"I'd have been in a nice mess," he said frankly. "If I'd left this here and someone had walked off with it. Good thing for me that you're here, sir. I can leave it here with you till I return. What is it, trumpeter?"

For a disheveled and excited trumpeter had thrust his way into the tent. "Sir, Sergeant Black has directed me to inform the troop commander that the old padre has left the camp. The

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"Come!" called the major, and the man stepped inside.

"Sir," he said, "the officer who commanded the prisoners has asked me to ask the major if he can see him."

"Certainly. Go and tell the sergeant of the guard to send him up here under guard."

The soldier left. "Now," thought Major Upton, "wonder what new devilment is afoot?"

A moment later the Mexican captain of infantry entered the tent and introduced himself as El Capitán Ygnacio Torres.

"I have asked for the honor of an interview, senior, because I am sure that the Americans do not desire to lend themselves to a piece of injustice. I refer, senior, to the taking of our stores. The arms, of course, I understand are to be held until the cessation of hostilities, as is required by international law, but the other things—the money and our personal belongings—are not these respected as in war?"

"What personal belongings do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, sir, that there was on one of these pack-mules a very valuable jewel that we took from the rebels in light. They had stolen it from the Shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe, down in Tlacotal to the south, and were bringing it north to purchase arms with. We fought with them and took the plunder, and I wish now to enter formal claim for it."

"Who was the blind priest who came into camp yesterday and claimed it?" asked Major Upton.

"A blind priest, senior? I know only that a man came and claimed the stone—the Bell, I mean. I am told that he came hard into camp upon the arrival of the prisoners. I know that he claims the stone as a part of the property of his shrine down in Yucatan; but, senior, that is a claim that might well be made by any man who has seen or heard of the jewel. Has he seen it?"

"Not since its arrival here, certainly."

"Can he describe it?"

Major Upton laughed. "It is hard to be expected, senior, that a blind man can so accurately describe such a thing as to convince anyone. He has certainly heard someone else describe it, at least."

"I ask," insisted the Mexican, "that he be questioned in my presence as to how and where and why the stone came into our possession. It is true that the stone was looted from the south by the rebels. It is also true that we defeated them in open fight and that they fled, leaving their pack-mules."

"These mules were captured, and afterward were compelled to abandon when the rebels had received reinforcements and drove us across the border. Then, senior, your lieutenant held us as prisoners of war and took our baggage."

"I ask this, senior, because one of my men has told that he saw the blind priest leave the camp a short time ago. I know him well enough to know that if he has left a good bed and good meals he must have had sound reason. May I see the stone, senior, to be assured of its safety?"

Major Upton hesitated. A refusal of the request, which was but reasonable, would certainly create suspicions of Kynaston's honesty. A statement of the actual condition of affairs would not be believed. He temporized.

"Senior Kynaston turned over the saddlebags to me a while ago," he said. "I think it would be better to wait until he returns."

"But, senior," persisted the Mexican, "did you see the Bell? It is a wonderful stone? Did you see it?"

"No, I have not seen it; in fact, senior, to be perfectly frank with you, when Senior Kynaston sent for the padre to speak to him about the matter of the Bell, the padre had left the camp and the stone was gone."

The Mexican started. "Senior," he said, "I had feared some such thing. El viejo diablo! I might have known that some such thing would happen if the lieutenant were not warned. Blind as he is, that old rascal can see more with his sightless eyes than many sound men with two. Where is the lieutenant, senior?"

"He, too, has left camp, and he has sent a party to arrest the padre wherever they shall find him. Rest content, senior, the jewel will be recovered, and when it is recovered it will not again be placed in jeopardy. Will you not sit down and have a cigar? I can guarantee them. They come from your own state of Tamulipas."

In the meantime Kynaston, with his men, had pushed on across the range, from which he had seen, earlier in the evening, the flames that told him of the attack upon the Santa Cruz mine. The mine lay a long three miles across the border; but though well he knew that under the existing orders he had no business across the line, yet he pushed on without hesitation.

After three miles they put behind them as a carpenter throws shavings behind him. Finally they paused on a little declivity looking down toward the great sweep of the range, on the farther slope of which stood the minehouses.

Do you believe the old padre stole the emerald bell, and do you think he would be justified in doing so? Or does the jewel really belong to the Carranza gang?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WESTERN MINING AND OIL NEWS

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Metal Market Quotations.

Spelter, St. Louis, \$12.27 1/2. Copper, casting, \$27.12 1/2. Lead, New York, \$6.95. Bar silver, 96 1/2 c. Boulder, Colo.—Tungsten, per unit of 60 per cent, \$40.

Arizona.

The Verde Combination Copper Company is the newest big flotation in the Jerome district.

A second ledge is being disclosed in the shaft of the Oatman-Combination, now down 350 feet.

At Kingman the Telluride shaft is down to the water level, a depth of 500 feet, and has cut a station.

A strike of good commercial ore has been made in a shaft only thirty feet deep on the Arizona-Tom Reed group at Oatman.

Shattuck mine will earn this year, it is estimated by experts who are watching all of the copper producers, from \$10 to \$15 a share.

The greatest of all movements ever launched in Arizona, is now under way in the Bradshaw mountains. It is known as the deep level tunnel.

A bonus has been hung up for the employees at the Bluebird at Oatman in order to add interest to the work of rushing down the shaft to the 350-foot level.

The ore shoot discovered December 1 in the Times tunnel in Oatman district, is still intact and showing high values. It pans as well as ever and is gaining in width.

Colorado.

Mining in the Penrose territory will soon be taken up.

The Cruse-Burke tungsten mines above Boulder Falls have been acquired by A. H. Carlisle for \$100,000.

Leadville district is making rapid progress in the unwatering of old mines, in which large bodies of ore are known to exist.

The rise in silver will enhance the precious metal output of the Boulder mines in a marked degree, entirely independent of tungsten.

The Silverton-Gladstone railroad is now in operation for the summer season, and will add considerably to ore shipments from Silverton.

New York metal dealers report a falling off in the demand for spelter which has led the July and August deliveries to soften in price.

Rollinsville, one of the early mining districts of Gilpin county, four miles west of Nederland, is the scene of much activity in building and mining.

The Annie L. property, located near Boulder Falls, in the Sugar Land section, has been developed into one of the steady producers of high grade tungsten ore.

The first tungsten concentrates to be made from the Guray camp—the content running 75 per cent—was placed on public exhibition and attracted much attention.

Outside of Leadville the Empire Zinc Company has large interests in Eagle county, in New Mexico and in Nevada. It operates a large treatment plant at Canon City.

On the Humdinger lode, one-half mile west of Rollinsville, tungsten float fifty feet from a large dike is very pronounced, extending the full length of the dike for 1,400 feet, on which many hydrochloric acid tests have been made, showing large percentages of tungsten.

The Georgetown tunnel has now reached a depth of 500 feet.

At Idaho Springs the large Argo reduction plant is being operated night and day, and the capacity is taxed.

New Mexico.

Work on the test well to be put down in the Meadows section of San Juan county was started by a crew of men employed by H. B. Gooch.

Thomas Lyons and L. E. Foster, who are operating Mr. Lyon's mining properties in Dead Man Gulch in the Burro mountains, are reported to have made a good strike of copper ore.

A test well at Columbus has been put down by E. C. Kniffin to a depth of 100 feet. The well is expected to give a thorough test of the oil-bearing properties of the Columbus district.

William Mueller and O. D. Warnock of El Paso have leased and bonded from C. C. Carroll of Springfield, Ill., the Garnet group of mines at Jarilla, Otero county, and have placed to work a crew of twenty-five miners.

Wyoming.

The oil field at the head of Dry Piney will soon place in operation a new well drilling machine, word having been received from Charlie Lackey that the machine had been shipped from Casper.

A report reached Baggs to the effect that a gold discovery has been made on the Iron Springs divide between Craig and Baggs. The assay made in Denver shows value of samples running \$1,500 per ton.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

Good company, and good conversation are the sinews of virtue—Stephen Allen.

I shall count nothing a failure but failure to do right.—Chas. Hughes.

LIGHT DESSERTS.

After a heavy meal a dainty custard of soufflé, something easy of digestion, should be served.

Coffee Creams.—Make a pint of very strong coffee; cool and add to it a cupful of thin cream, four eggs, slightly beaten, and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Strain into small cups and place in a shallow pan, placing several thicknesses of paper under the cups. Put boiling water into the pan until it reaches half way up to the cups. Set into a moderate oven and cook gently until the custard is firm. Serve ice cold with small chocolate cakes.

Vanilla Soufflé.—Scald a cupful of milk, seasoned with a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt in a double boiler and mix in two tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter, creamed together. Cook while stirring for ten minutes. Beat well the yolks of four eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour over the mixture in the double boiler. Flavor with orange rind and set away to cool. Cover closely and a half hour before serving time fold in the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs; bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. Serve with chocolate sauce.

Cream of Almond Pudding.—Cook together two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of milk and a dash of salt; cook ten minutes. Add a fourth of a pound of almond paste, rubbed smooth with a little of the hot mixture; add the whites of three eggs, beaten stiff and pour into a buttered mold; set in water to bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes.

Sponge Pudding.—Take a pint of milk, a fourth of a cupful of sugar, a cupful of flour, a tablespoonful of butter and three eggs. Mix the sugar and flour together, then add a little of the milk while cold; stir it into the remainder of the milk boiling hot, and let it cook five minutes. Cool and add the butter and egg yolks, fold in the beaten whites and place in a buttered pudding dish set in water to bake half an hour. Serve with a creamy sauce.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; all human virtues—honesty, and strength themselves by the practice and experience of them.—Socrates.

FOOD FOR THE INVALID.

A chafing dish, thermos bottle or a fireless cooker are all invaluable helps in caring for the sick. With an alcohol lamp one may heat a little broth or milk, thus saving many times a long trip to the kitchen and back, when time and strength are both valuable.

A nurse to be at her best should never allow herself to get overtired, for it is thus many serious mistakes have been made in caring for helpless people.

When cooking chicken for broth, or in fact for any purpose, scrub it well with a small vegetable brush with soda and water, then rinse and wipe dry. Cut in small pieces and put on in cold water, if to be served as broth. Let simmer five hours, strain, cool and remove the fat. This broth, because of the gelatin in the bones and tendons, will make a thick jelly when cold. Reheat and add boiled rice or barley; serve with a dash of salt in a pretty cup, piping hot.

Mutton broth should cook five hours and strain, then when cold remove every bit of the fat.

Tripter Soup.—This is a soup that is such a favorite and so often recommended by physicians that it should be found in every home-nursing cook book. Use equal quantities of beef, lamb or mutton, and veal; add a pint of water to each pound of meat. Cut the meat in small pieces, adding the bones; cover with cold water and simmer for four hours. Strain and season with salt. Cool to remove the fat before using. A beaten egg may be added to either of the soups, but not allow it to cook at all, just simply add to the hot soup and serve. A tablespoonful of cream, with a sprinkling of celery salt is liked for variety when added to the chicken broth.

In the Days of Superstition. The earliest record of a witch being burned to death is dated 1275, the witch confessing that she fed her offspring the flesh of babies. At Toulouse, in 1325, 63 persons were accused of being witches, eight of whom were burned and the others imprisoned for life. In 1324 Petronilla de Mida was burned at Kilkenny, Ireland, by orders of the bishop of Ossory. Some 75 years later there were wholesale witch prosecutions at Bern, Switzerland.

Strong Soul Never Gives Up. The tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.—Carlyle.

ONE WOMAN'S THOUGHT.

"I hate and loathe the sight of the extravagantly dressed woman nowadays. She infuriates me. She has no right to spend a great deal of money on her body."—Queen



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He Had the Price. Bill McCabe's Poughkeepsie team was playing the Kingston team one day years ago, in the Atlantic league, and a guy named Fogarty was umpire. In the ninth inning, with the score tied, two of McCabe's men played out, and as Bill had only one man extra, he had to rush the bleacher seats to find a man to fill in. He drew a big hick, who said he couldn't play, but for the fun could fill in. There were two out at the time and the fans were excited.

Our hero, the hick, came to bat. He drew three balls and the next one across he picked over the left field fence for a homer. Instead of running, the fathead stood there while the crowd howled itself mad. McCabe ran out to him and yelled, "Run, you boob, run!"

The hick turned and faced Bill and in a slow voice drawled: "No, sir, I won't run. I'm no coward. I'll admit I lost your ball, but I got the money right here in my pocket to pay for it."

Similar Brand. The fair maid was toying with the new engagement ring.

"Did I understand you to say that your first wife's name was Katharine—same as mine?" she queried.

"Yes, darling," replied the widower. "And," continued the fair one, "I suppose you loved her very dearly?"

"Indeed I did," answered the party of the bereaved parent. "That is why I am anxious to secure a dupli-Kate."

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